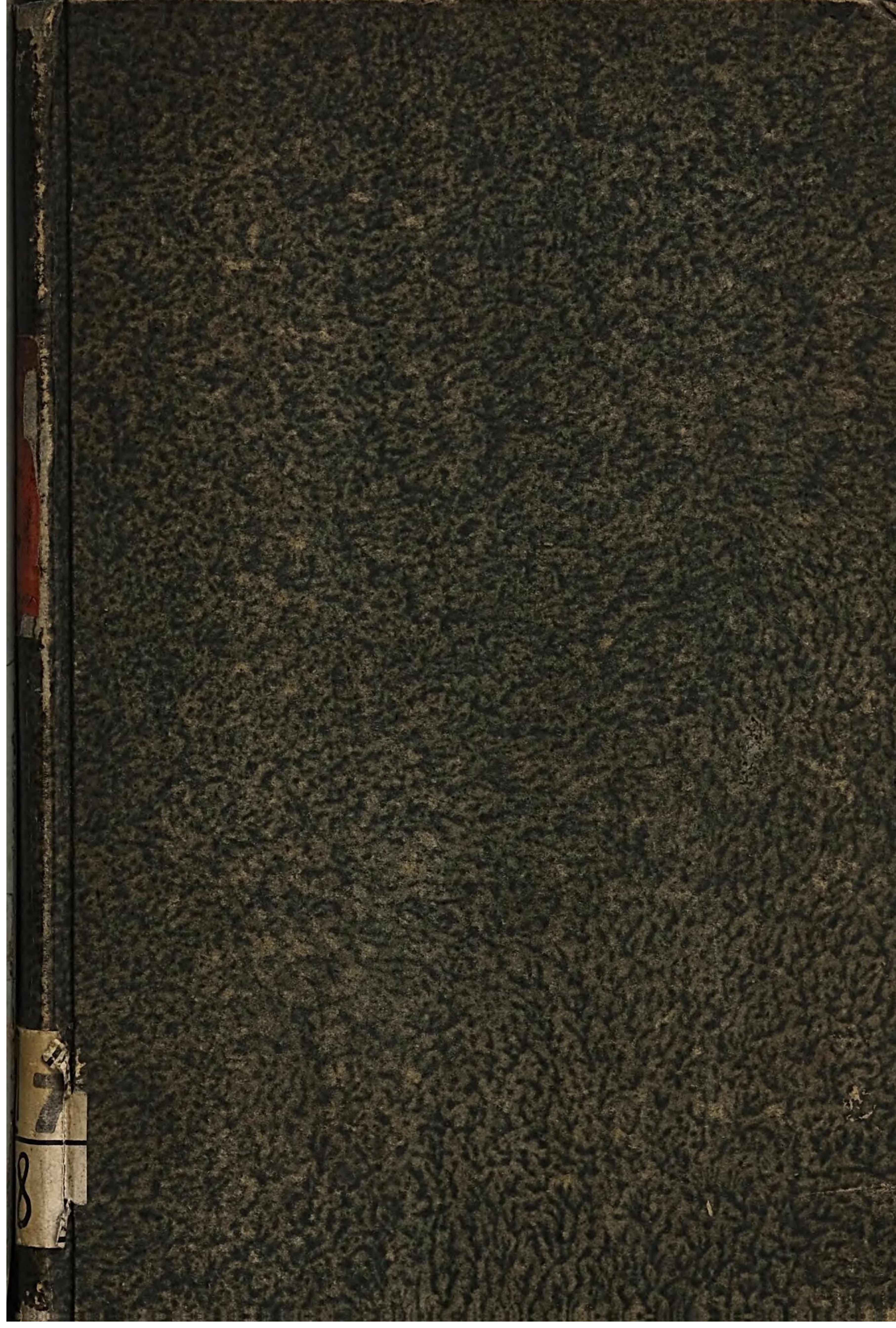




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SHAKSPEARE'S
JULIUS CAESAR.

Grammatisch und sachlich zum Schul- und
Privatgebrauch erläutert

von

Dr. J. Hoffa,

Docenten an der Universität und Lehrer der französischen Sprache
an der Realschule in Marburg.



J e n a,

Druck und Verlag von Friedrich Mauke.

1848.

STARKREITER'S

JULIUS CAESAR.

Grammatisch und sachlich zum Selbst- und

Privatgebrauch eingerichtet

von

Dr. J. Hoffmann,

Professor an der Universität und Lehrer der französischen Sprache
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Leipzig.

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Vorrede.

Der Ausgabe von Shakspeare's Julius Caesar, die wir hier den Lesern des unsterblichen Dichters, sowie den Freunden der englischen Literatur überhaupt darbieten, haben wir nur wenige Worte voranzuschicken. Plan und Erklärungsweise sind in der Vorrede zu der, im Jahre 1845 erschienenen, Bearbeitung des Hamlet und Romeo und Julie, auf die wir deshalb verweisen können, auseinandergesetzt worden. Das Urtheil kundiger Lehrer hat sich, unter andern in der pädagogischen Zeitung, Jahrg. 1845, über die von uns dort befolgte Methode zu commentiren beifällig ausgesprochen, und der Gebrauch hat dieselbe beim Unterrichte bewährt gefunden. Der Herausgeber sah hierin eine weitere Aufforderung, bei der fortgesetzten Bearbeitung Shakspeare'scher Dramen jene Grundsätze noch schärfer in's Auge zu fassen und

in den hinzugefügten Anmerkungen mehr durch Winke und Fingerzeige zum Verständniss des Schriftstellers anzuregen, als durch unnöthige und unerkleckliche Weitläufigkeit die Freude und den Genuss selbstthätigen Auffindens zu verkümmern, nirgends aber bei wirklich schwierigen Stellen den Lernenden rath- und hülflos zu lassen.

Hiernach glauben wir hoffen zu dürfen, dass, namentlich was das sprachliche Element anbetrifft, dem nachdenkenden Leser — und für solche kann doch nur Shakspeare eine fruchttragende Lectüre seyn — mit Hülfe der vorliegenden Ausgabe keine Stelle in dem Meisterwerke des englischen Dichters dunkel hleiben werde.

Marburg, am 27. Dec. 1847.

Dr. Hoffa.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CAESAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Julius Caesar,
Octavius Caesar,
Marcus Antonius
M. Aemil. Lepidus.

} *Triumvirs, after the Death of
Julius Caesar.*

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*

Marcus Brutus,
Cassius,
Casca,
Trebonius,
Ligarius,
Decius Brutus,
Metellus Cimber,
Cinna,

} *Conspirators against Julius Caesar.*

Flavius and Marullus, *Tribunes.*

Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

Cinna, *a Poet. Another Poet.*

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, young Cato, and Volumnius;
Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius, *Ser-*
vants to Brutus,

Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

Calphurnia, *Wife to Caesar.*

Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants etc.

SCENE, during a great part of the play, at Rome: after-
wards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou? X

1. *Cit.* Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —
You, Sir; what trade are you?

2. *Cit.* Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, X
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2. *Cit.* A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may use with a
safe conscience; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender of bad
soals.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

*What trade art thou? = of what trade art thou oder
what is thy trade? — in respect of, in Vergleich oder ver-*

2. *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me: *X*
yet, if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou
saucy fellow?

2. *Cit.* Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2. *Cit.* Truly, Sir, all that I live by is, with the awl:
I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's
matters, but with awl. I am indeed, Sir, a surgeon to
old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover
them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, *X*
have gone upon my handywork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why
dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2. *Cit.* Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get my-
self into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday,
to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he
home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

glichen mit. — *be not out with me*, erzürnt nicht wider mich. —
if you be out, wenn Ihr zerrissen (böse, unwillig) seid, wenn
Euch der Faden (der Geduld) reißt; wenn Eure Sohlen
durch sind; das Wortspiel liegt schon in den Worten: *a men-
der of bad soals*, was Schlegel übersetzt: einen schlechten
Wandel zu verbessern. — *with no tradesman's matters*, ein
Wortspiel, das durch die Aussprache *with no trades, man's
matters* sich ergibt. — *neats-leather*, Rindsleder. —

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]
 See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;

replication, Antwort, Erwiederung = Wiederhall. — *cull out*, heraussuchen, herausnehmen, das franz. cueillir. — *light*, herabfahren, treffen. — *sort* = condition, rank. — *the lowest stream*, da, wo der Strom (der Tiber) am flachsten ist. — *whe'r* = whether. — *metal* = mettle, temper, Sinn,

They vanish tongue-tied^{*} in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe^x the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.^x

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;^x
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

Gemüthsart, Wesen. — *tongue-tied*, verstummt, stumm. — *disrobe*, ausziehen, entfleiden (des Schmuckes). — *ceremonies* = honorary ornaments; tokens of respect, Festschmuck. — *the feast of Lupercal*, die Lupercalien, das Fest des Pan, welches am 15. Februar gefeiert wurde. An demselben liefen die Priester des Pan, Luperci, nackt, Ziegenfelle um den Leib und einen Schurz um die Lenden, durch die Stadt, trieben allerlei Kurzweile und schlugen die ihnen Begegnenden mit Riemen von Ziegenfellen. Viele Frauen ließen sich gern von ihnen schlagen, weil sie dadurch glaubten, fruchtbar zu werden. — *ordinary pitch*, gewöhnliche Höhe, Mittelhöhe.

SCENE II.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter, in procession, with musick, CAESAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Caes. Calphurnia, —

Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks, [Musick ceases.

Caes. Calphurnia, —

Cal. Here, my Lord.

Caes. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. — Antonius.

Ant. Caesar, my Lord.

Caes. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders' say,
The barren touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Caesar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Caes. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Musick.

Sooth. Caesar.

For the course, zum Wettrennen (gerüstet). — Decius. This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Caesar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. — *run his course.* Von diesem Wettlauf bei den Lupercalien, und warum Cäsar der Calpurnia rath, sich dem Antonius in den Weg zu stellen, s. die Anm. zu vor. Scene. — *our elders*, unsere Vorfahren. —

Caes. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: — Peace yet again.

[Musick ceases.]

Caes. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Caesar: Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Caes. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Caes. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Caesar.

Caes. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Caes. He is a dreamer; let us leave him; — pass.

[Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Sennet, Musikstück auf dem Zinzhorn oder der Trompete. *Steevens* sagt über d. W.: I have been informed that *sennet* is derived from *senneste*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army; but the dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word. It may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital. Nach Andern ist es das altfranz. *senne*, das italienische *segno* oder *segnata*, das englische *signal*, ein mit der Trompete gegebenes Zeichen. — *game-some*, Lust am Spiele findend. —

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange^x a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,^x
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil,^x perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook^x your passion^x;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,

of late, seit einiger Zeit. — *as I was wont* = That I was wont. S. Wagner, §. 666. 3. §. 918. — *stubborn*, steif, störrisch, spröde. — *strange* = alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger. — *with passions of some difference* = with a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires, sich einander widerstreitende Regungen, Gefühle. — *soil* = turpitude, reproach, Schmutz, hier: finstereß Ansehen. — *mistook* = mistaken. — *your passion* = the nature of the feelings from which you are now suffering, euren Mißmuth. —

But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Caesar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous^x of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugh^r, or did use
To stale^x with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug^x them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the root, then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish and shout.*

of the best respect = of the most respectable men. — *jealous*, ungehalten. — *to stale* = to allure, to invite; Schlegel übersetzt es: ausbieten. Andere erklären es durch to prostitute, to make common. — *hug*, schmeicheln, liebfoßen.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well: —
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story. —
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

speed me, mich beschützen, mir beistehen. — *favour* = countenance, features. — *to be in awe*, sich scheuen, sich fürchten vor ... — *of such a thing as I myself*, vor einem andern Menschen. — *have fed* (von to feed) as well, haben dieselbe Nahrung gehabt. — *gusty*, stürmisch, ungestüm. — *chafing*, tobend, wüthend. —

Caesar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? — Upon the word,
 826 *Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,*
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Caesar cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar: And this man
Is now become a God; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this God did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,

lusty, frisch, stark, verb. — *stemming*, sich widerlegend (das deutsche: sich stemmen), gegen den Strom schwimmend. —
 — *with hearts of controversy*, mit Herzen des Widerstandes
 = mit entschlossenen Herzen. — *arrive the point*, man bemerke den transitiven Gebrauch von *to arrive* in der Bedeutung von *to approach*, *to come near*, statt *to the point*. —
from their colour fly, das Bild in diesen Worten ist offenbar von einem feigen Soldaten, der die Fahne im Stiche läßt, hergenommen. —

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,
 As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper^x should
 So get the start^x of the majestick world,^x
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish. *65 Co*]

Bru. Another general shout!
 I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.^x
 Brutus, and Caesar: What should be in that Caesar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,⁺

mark him, auf ihn achten, ihn anhören. — *temper* = temperament, constitution. — *get the start of one*, einem den Rang ablaufen, ihm zuvorkommen. — *the majestick world*, das römische Reich, im Kampfe mit einem schwachen Sterblichen gedacht. Ein besonders passender Ausdruck, da die Senatoren in der Republik eine mehr als königliche Würde hatten. — *underlings*, Untergebene, unterwürfige Menschen, Schwächlinge. — *conjure with them*, beschwört, stellt Beschwörungen mit ihnen an, bannt mit ihnen. —

Brutus will start a spirit^x as soon as Caesar. [Shout.
 Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age^x, since the great flood,^x
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,^x
 That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus^x once, that would have brook'd^x
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;^x
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:^x
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount^x hereafter[†]; for this present,

start a spirit, Geister heraufbannen, aufwecken. — *when went there by an age ... but*, wann ging ein Zeitalter vorüber, daß nicht ic. S. Wagner S. 934, 3. — *the great flood*, die deukalionische Fluth. — *Rome ... room*, beide Wörter hatten in Shakspeare's Zeit gleiche Aussprache; daher das gesuchte Wortspiel, daß im Deutschen etwa Rom und Raum wiedergiebt. — *a Brutus*, Lucius Junius Brutus, von dem Dio Cassius sagt, er würde sich ebenso wohl die bleibende Herrschaft eines Dämons, als die ständige Regierung eines Königs haben gefallen lassen. — *brook'd*, ertragen, erduldet, ausgehalten. — *I am nothing jealous*, ich bin nicht mißtrauisch = ich zweifle nicht. — *aim* = guess, suspicion, Vermuthung. — *recount* = tell. — *hereafter*, späterhin, zu einer andern Zeit.

I would not, so^x with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd.^x What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet^x to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CAESAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note^x, to-day.

Bru. I will do so: — But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train^x:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret^x and such fiery eyes,

so = if. S. Wagner §. 898 Anm. — mov'd = excited.
— meet, passend, geschickt. — chew upon this = ruminate
on this, consider it at leisure. — had rather be = would
rather be. S. Wagner §. 811. — as this time = that
oder which th. t. S. Wagner §. 666, 3. — sour, bitter,
höhnisch. — worthy note = w. of n., merkwürdig. S. Wa-
gner §. 601. — a chidden train, ein gescholtener, zurecht-
gewiesener Haufe. — ferret = red, eigentlich das Frettchen,
welches rothe Augen hat. —

As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Caes. Antonius.

Ant. Caesar.

Caes. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Caes. 'Would he were fatter: — But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,

cross'd, widersprochen. — *sleek-headed*, glattköpfig. — *such men are dangerous*. Als Cäsars Freunde ihn vor Antonius und Dolabella warnten, als hätten sie einen Plan gegen ihn im Werke, antwortete Cäsar, wie Plutarch erzählt, diese fetten und schönfrisirten Leute beachte er nicht, aber wohl fürchte er sehr jene bleichen und hageren, worunter er Brutus und Cassius verstand. — *well given*, gut geartet, gut gesinnt. — *'Would* = I would. — *my name*, mein Name = ein Mann wie Cäsar. — *liable* = subject. — *spare*, mager, dürre. — *he hears no musick*. Darin erblickt Shakespeare ein sicherer Zeichen finsterner Gesinnung. Man erinnere sich der bekannten Stelle im Kaufmann von Venedig: „The man who hath no music in himself, Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.“ —

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
While's they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CAESAR, and his train.*

CASCA stays behind.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Caesar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and
being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand,
thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,

be never = are never, in der älteren Sprache. — *chanc'd*
= happened. — *fell a shouting*. Ueber das verderbte a = on
f. Wagner §. 231. —

every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; — yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; — and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swoon'd, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Caesar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

coronet, eine kleine Krone, Stirnbinde. Nach Plutarch war es ein aus Lorbeerzweigen geflochtenes Diadem. — *rabblement*, der Janhagel, Pöbel. — *chopped*, zerhackt, zerstoßen, rauh. —

Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am
sure, Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not
clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and
displeased them, as they used to do the players in the
theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he per-
ceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown,
he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat
to cut. — An I had been a man of any occupation, if
I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might
go to hell among the rogues: — and so he fell. When
he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or
said, any thing amiss, he desired their Worships to think
it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I
stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!* — and forgave him with
all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them;
if Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have
done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

tag-rag, der niedrigste Pöbel, Lumpenpack, Lumpengesindel.
— *clap him* = clap to him, ihm Beifall flatschen. — *no
true man* = no honest man. — *he plucked me ope* (= open)
his doublet, riß er sein Wamms auf. Ueber das pleonasti-
sche *me* s. *Wagner* §. 689. — *An I had been* = If I etc.
— *a man of any occupation* = a mechanic, one of the ple-
beians to whom he offered his throat. — *there's no heed
to be taken of them*, sie verdienen keine Beachtung. —

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another and skook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell both. [Exit CASCA.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?

He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprize.

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

(if) *your mind hold*, wenn Ihr noch diese Absicht habt, bei Eurer Einladung beharrt. — *grown to be*; to be steht hier pleonastisch. — *quick mettle* = of quick temper. — *this tardy form*, dieses träge, langsame, unbeholfene Wesen. —

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so, — till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion

thy honourable metal disposed = the best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its disposition, to its original constitution. Nach *disposed* ergänze to. — *doth bear me hard* = has an unfavourable opinion of me, ist mir gram. Ebenso kommt im 2. Akt 1. Scene vor: *Cajus Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard*, und im 3. Akt 1. Scene sagt Antonius zu den Verschwornen: *if you bear me hard*. — *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, he should not humour me*. Johnson erklärt diese Stelle so: Caesar loves Brutus. but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles. *To humour* ist nämlich = to turn and wind one by inflaming his passions, einen umstimmen. — *in several hands*, von verschiedener Handschrift, bezieht sich auf das folgende *writings*. —

That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him or worse days endure. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA,
with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;

Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at = at C.'s amb. shall be glanced. *S. Wagner* §. 1019; glance at, anspielen, andeuten, zielen auf etwas. — *seat him* = seat himself. — *shake*, rütteln, stürzen.

Brought you Caesar home? = did you attend Caesar home? — *all the sway of earth* = the whole weight or momentum of this globe. — *scolding*, scheltend = tobend. — *rived*, gespalten, zerspalten. — *to be exalted*, um sich zu erheben, als wollt' er sich erheben zu. —

Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight,) Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,) Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by, Without annoying me: And there were drawn Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets. And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit, Even at noon-day, upon the market-place, Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies Do so conjointly meet, let not men say, *These are their reasons, — They are natural;* For, I believe, they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,

saucy = lascivious, übermüthig, frech, frevelhaft. — *put up*, eingesteckt. — *glar'd upon me*, starrte, blickte wild mich an. — *without annoying me*, ohne mir zu schaden, ohne mir etwas zu Leide zu thun. — *transformed*, entstellt. — *portentous*, unglückverfündend, von übler Vorbedeutung. — *that they point upon*, auf das sie sich richten, welches sie treffen. *S. Wagner §. 1018.* — *strange-disposed*, seltsam gelaunt oder gestimmt.

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself

clean (= altogether, entirely) *from the purpose*, gänzlich entfernt von der Bedeutung. — *send word*, verkünden, melden. — *this disturbed sky is not to walk in*, bei diesem aufwühlischen Wetter kann man nicht herumwandeln. S. Wagner §. 1019. — *unbraced*, aufgelöst, aufgebunden, ungegürtet, mit aufgelöstem Gürtel. — *thunder-stone* = a stone fabulously supposed to be discharged by thunder; dann so viel als a thunderbolt. — *cross*, Adjectiv, kreuzweise, queer, = sich schlängelnd. —

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;

in the aim and very flash of it, zum Ziel und gerade im Feuer desselben. — *cast yourself in wonder*, versenkt euch in Staunen. — *impatience*, Heftigkeit, Leidenschaftlichkeit, Zorn, Unwillen. — *why birds and beasts, from quality and kind* = *why they deviate from condition and nature*. — *calculate* = foretel or prophesy, daß Horoskop stellen. — *ordinance*, Vorschrift, Gesetz, bestimmte Ordnung. — *pre-formed faculties*, vorhergebildete, d. i. angeborne, natürliche Eigenschaften oder Gaben. —

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a King:
And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,

or me = *or I*. *S. Wagner*, §. 748. — *personal action*,
Körperkraft. — *prodigious* = *portentous*. — *thewes* is an
obsolete word implying *sineus*, *nerves*, *muscular strength*. —
know all the world besides, *so möge auch alle Welt wissen*. —

That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;

to cancel, eigentlich: durchstreichen in Form eines Gitters (X); daher: aufheben, vernichten, brechen. — *but that* = unless. — *trash*, Unrath, Auswurf, Abfall. — *rubbish*, Schutt, schlechtes Zeug, Plunder. — *offal*, Abfall, Schund, Auswurf. — *my answer must be made* = I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words, ich werde mich verantworten müssen. — *no fleering tell-tale*, kein schmeicheln-der Ohrenbläser, Zuträger. — *Hold my hand* = here's my hand. — *factionous* = active, enterprising, contentious. —

And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable — dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. — Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,

There's a bargain made, die Sache ist abgemacht, es gilt. — *there is no stir* — it is not possible to stir. — *the complexion*, die Farbe, die Außenseite. — *is favour'd*. To favour is to resemble; but Mr. Malone reads „in favour“ which was suggested by Dr. Johnson, i. e. in looks, appearances, countenance. — *stand close*, haltet euch ruhig. — *incorporate*, Einverleibter, Verbündeter.

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party —

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit CINNA.]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cass. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [Exeunt.]

set up, fleben. — *all this done*, absoluter Gebrauch des Particips = all this being done. — *bestow*, anlegen, anbringen. — *yields him* = yields himself. — *offence*, Frevelthat, Verbrechen. — *alchymy*, Goldmacherkunst. Schlegel übersetzt: wie der Stein der Weisen. — *conceited*, ausgedacht.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Brutus's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho! —

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. — Lucius, I say! —
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. —
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. *[Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd: —
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — That; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,

Orchard und garden wurden in der ältern englischen Sprache als Synonyme gebraucht. — *give guess*, errathen, vermuthen. — *when, Lucius, when?* This abrupt elliptical exclamation of impatience appears to be equivalent to „when will such a thing be done.“ — *to spurn at*, wegstoßen, verachten, verächtlich behandeln. — *adder*, Natter, Schlange. — *that craves wary walking*, das verlangt, daß man mit Vorsicht gehe. S. Wagner, S. 837. — *I grant*, ich stehe dafür, ich halte es für ausgemacht. — *we put a sting in him*, wir versehen ihn mit einem Stachel. —

That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Caesar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend: So Caesar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities;
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Re - enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found

that ... with. S. Wagner §. 1019. — *remorse* = pity, tenderness of heart. — *his affections* = his passions. — *a common proof* = a matter proved by common experience, eine alltägliche Erfahrung. — *lowliness*, Demuth. — *round*, Staffel, Sprosse einer Leiter. — *the base degrees* = the low steps. — *prevent*, Imperativ, kommt ihm zuvor. — *will bear no colour*, keinen Schein (Anstrich) gewinnt (erlangt), *for the thing he is*, durch dasjenige, was er (Cäsar) ist = dasjenige nicht zeigt, was er wirklich ist. — *fashion it thus*, legt ihn (den Schein) so aus. — *hatched*, ausgebrütet. — *as his kind* = like the rest of his species. —

This paper, thus sealed up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [Exit.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome etc. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, —

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome etc. Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.

Speak, strike, redress! — Am I entreated then

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [Knock within.

whizzing, schwirrend, zischend. — *strike, redress*, schlage, stelle her. — *piece it out*, es ausfüllen, ergänzen. — *I make thee promise*, ich gebe dir das Versprechen, ich gelobe dir. — *March is wasted fourteen days*, der März ist dahin (in Betreff) vierzehn Tage = 14 Tage vom März sind verflossen. —

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit* *LUCIUS.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter *LUCIUS.*

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit* *LUCIUS.*]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

the mortal instruments = the bodily powers, the members of the body. — *your brother Cassius.* Cassius war mit Junia, des Brutus Schwester, verheirathet. — *plucked about their ears,* um ihre Ohren gezogen = über die Ohren eingedrückt. — *by any mark of favour* = by any distinction of countenance. —

When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, with native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER,
and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

if thou path, with native semblance on = *if thou walk in thy true form.* — *from prevention,* vor dem Zuvorkommen = vor der Entdeckung und Vereitelung. Schlegel übersetzt: vor Argwohn. — *we are too bold upon your rest,* wir nehmen uns zu viel Freiheit, eure Ruhe zu stören. — *I have been up this hour,* ich bin schon seit einer Stunde auf gewesen. — *but honours you,* der euch nicht ehrt. S. Wagner §. 934, 3. —

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east; Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —

fret, durchstreichen, durchziehen. — *as I point my sword*, wo ich mein Schwert hinhalte, wo mein Schwert hinzeigt. — *a great way growing on the south*, ein großes Stück (ein gutes Theil) weiter hin nach Süden; *growing* = accruing, farther. — *weighing*, wenn man oder wenn ihr erwägt. Das Participium ist hier absolute gebraucht. — *if not the face of men*. In diesem anafoluthischen Sage wollte *Warburton* statt *face* lesen *fate*, *Mason* schlug vor: *faith*; aber *Johnson*, der diese Aenderung für unnöthig hält, erklärt, *the face of men* sey = the countenance, the regard, the esteem of the public; in other terms, *honour and reputation*; or the face of men may mean „the dejected look of the people.“ — *abuse*, Schmach, Schande. —

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
 And every man hence to his idle bed;
 So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
 Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 To prick us to redress? what other bond,
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain

break off betimes, so brecht nur bald auf, geht nur gleich fort. — *high-sighted*, immer in die Höhe oder aufwärts sehend, emporstrebend, hochmüthig. — *range on*, schalten, obwalten. — *drop by lottery*, durch das Loos fällt. Nach Steevens enthalten diese Worte eine Anspielung auf die Sitte der Decimation, oder bei einer allgemeinen Menererei, je den zehnten Soldaten durch das Loos zur Strafe auszuwählen. — *bond*, Band, Verbindlichkeit, eidliche Verpflichtung, Unterpfand. — *palter* = shuffle, equivocate, fly from engagements once made, das gegebene Wort brechen. — *cautelous* = cautious, wary, circumspect, hier s. v. a. insidious, artful, entgegengesetzt der honesty. — *old feeble carrions* übersetzt Schlegel durch: verdorrte Greise. — *that welcome wrongs*, die das Unglück willkommen heißen, es dankend annehmen. — *as men doubt* = whom men doubt (To doubt bedeutet hier: mißtrauen), denen man mißtraut, an deren Redlichkeit man zweifelt. —

The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

The even virtue of our enterprize = the calm, equable, temperate spirit that actuates us. — *the insuppressive mettle of our spirits*, die unbezwingliche Kraft unseres Geistes. — *performance* = deed, action. — *is guilty of a several bastardy*, sich einer besondern (eigenthümlichen) Entartung schuldig macht = seinen echten Ursprung verleugnet. — *opinion* = character — *no whit*, nicht im mindesten, durchaus nicht. — *all* = totally, wholly, bezieht sich auf our youths and wildness. — *break with him* = reveal the matter to him, ihm das Geheimniß entdecken, mit ihm sprechen.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Caesar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: — I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver: and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
At to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Caesar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:

urged, in Erinnerung gebracht, erwähnt. — *a shrewd contriver*, einen schlaun, verschmitzten Ränfeschmied. — *improve*, benutzt, sich zu Nuzge macht. — *to annoy*, belästigen, zu schaffen machen. — *course*, Verfahrensart, Verfahren. — *envy* = malice, Bosheit, Lücke. — *for it*, nämlich for his (Caesar's) spirit. — *a dish fit for the gods*, Statius Theb. 7, 696: sanctum et venerabile Diti Funus erat. — *not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds*, was, nach Plutarch's Erzäh-

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm,
When Caesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar —

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

lung, wirklich geschah; denn, wohin sich Cäsar wendete, trafen ihn Stiche, und er wurde zerhackt und verstümmelt, wie ein von Jägern erlegtes Wild. — *subtle*, schlau, listig. — *envious* = malicious, gehässig. — *ingrafted*, eingepfropft, eingepflanzt, eingewurzelt. — *to himself* = against himself. — *take thought* = grieve, turn melancholy, sich härmern, es sich zu Herzen nehmen. — *he should* = if he should. — *to sports*, den Vergnügungen, der Lust. — *and much company*. *Company* is here used in a disreputable sense. Schlegel übersetzt: den Gelagen. — *there is no fear in him*, es ist nichts von ihm zu fürchten. —

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whe'r Caesar will come forth to-day, or no :
 For he is superstitious grown of late ;
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,
 I can o' ersway him : for he loves to hear,
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

whe'r = whether. — *quite from the main opinion*, ganz der starken Ueberzeugung zuwider. *Main opinion* = leading, fixed, predominant opinion. *Mason* wollte statt *main* lesen *mean opinion*, verächtliche Meinung. *Fantasy* was in Shakspeare's time commonly used for *imagination* or *conceit*. *Ceremonies* = omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other ceremonial rites. — *apparent*, augenscheinlich, offenbar. — *o'ersway*, überwältigen, überreden, anders bestimmen. — *Unicorns* are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter. — *betray*, verführen, verlocken, fangen. — *bears with glasses*. Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. — *elephants with holes*. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was placed. —

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.

Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you,
Brutus; —

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,

toils, Neze. — *give his humour the true bent*, seinem Gemüthe die wahre Richtung geben, sein Gemüth gehörig lenken. — *the uttermost* = the utmost, die äußerste, späteste. — *rated* = chided, heftig verweisen. — *go along by him* = go along by his house; make that your way home. — *fashion*, bearbeiten, stimmen. — *Let not our looks put on our purposes* = Let not our faces put on, that is, wear or show our designs, laßt unsere Blicke nicht unser Vorhaben verrathen. —

With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy! Lucius! — Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my Lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you
now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,

formal = regular, sensible, in form, in shape. — *figures*
= shapes created by imagination. — *condition* = temper,
body. — *withal*, übrigens, außerdem. —

Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: — Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,

on your condition = on your temper, demeanour, on the disposition of your mind. — *your cause of grief* = the cause of your grief. — *physical* = wholesome, gesund, heilsam. — *unbraced*, aufgelöst, aufgeknöpft, entblößt. — *dare* = challenge, incite, Troß bieten, trohen. — *tempt*, versuchen = sich aussetzen. — *sick offence* = sickness. — *which ... to know of*. § Wagner §. 1018. — *I charm you* = I invoke or entreat you. To *charm* is to invoke or entreat by words or other fascinating means. —

By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife;

resort, Zusammenkunft, Versammlung. — *bond of marriage*, Ehevertrag. — *excepted*, vorbehalten, ausbedungen. — *as it were*, so zu sagen, gleichsam. — *in sort*, in gewisser Hinsicht, auf gewisse Weise. — *comfort*, erfreuen = theilen. — *suburbs*. Wahrscheinlich eine Anspielung auf die Wohnung der Dirnen zu Shakspeare's Zeit, wie die folgenden Worte zeigen. — *good pleasure*, Wohlgefallen, Zuneigung. —

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels. I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows: —
Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. —

Boy, stand aside. — Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

by and by, alsbald, sogleich. — *construe*, auslegen, erklären, enthüllen. — *charactery* = writing by characters or strange marks, Zeichenschrift d. i. die geheime, verborgene Ursache. — *vouchsafe*, genehmigt (daß franz. agréer), nehmt an, empfanget. — *kerchief* = handkerchief.

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful hear to ear of it.

Lig. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

worthy the name = worthy of the name. S. Wagner §. 601. — *discard*, eigentlich: die Karten bei einigen Spielen wegwerfen; abhandeln, entfernen. — *exorcist*. Here and in all other places Shakspeare uses to *exorcise* for to raise spirits, not for to lay them. *Exorcist* ist daher = conjurer, Geisterbanner, nicht Geisterbeschwörer. — *mortified*, abgestorben, ertödtet. — *strive with things impossible*, nach dem Unmöglichen streben. — *get the better of them*, Herr über dasselbe werden, es überwinden, überwältigen. — *make ... whole* (= sound), gesund machen, heilen. — *to whom* = to him, to whom. —

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in Caesar's Palace.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his
Night - gown.*

Caes. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-
night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Caesar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord?

Caes. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my Lord. [Exit.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Caes. Caesar shall forth: The things, that threat-
en'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

Présent (Hauptwort) = *présent* (Zeitwort). — *on my back*, f. v. a. in meiner Abwesenheit. — *I never stood on ceremonies* = I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens, ich beachtete nie Wunderzeichen. S. die Anm. zu dem Worte ceremonies in der vorigen Scene. —

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
 A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
 Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
 In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
 O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

Caes. What can be avoided,
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
 Yet Caesar shall go forth: for these predictions
 Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Caes. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.

whelped, Junge geworfen. To whelp wird besonders von größeren Hunden, Füchsen, Löwen u. gebraucht. — *yielded up*, ließen heraus, befreiten. — *drizzled*, rieselten, tröpfelten, sprühten. — *hurtled*, flirrte. To hurtle = to clash, or move with violence and noise. — *squeal*, wimmern, winseln. — *beyond all use*, über alle Gewohnheit, ganz ungewöhnlich. — *blaze forth*, flammt herab = verkündet (durch Flammen). — *deaths*. Ueber den Plural s. Wagner S. 602. Als Cäsars Freunde ihm riethen, für die Sicherheit seiner Person bedacht zu seyn, antwortete er, wie Plutarch erzählt: Es ist besser einmal zu sterben, als immer in Furcht vor dem Tode zu seyn. —

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Caes. The Gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Caesar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:

in shame of cowardice. Johnson sagt bei dieser Stelle:
The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the
heart. Dagegen weist Douce durch viele Stellen aus Vir-
gil und Ovid das Gegentheil nach. — *litter'd*, geworfen.
To litter (Junge) werfen. — *is consumed*, wird vernichtet,
geht zu Grunde. —

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Caes. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Caes. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Caes. Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Caes. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know;
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

for thy humour, dir zu gefallen. — lusty, stark, rüstig. —

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Caes. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come

apply = consider, attend to, auslegen. — *for tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.* This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, are given new *tinctures*, and made new marks of *cognizance* (= badge, token, das Helm- oder Hoheitszeichen im Wappen); the other to martyrs, whose relics are preserved with veneration. But Mr. Malone and Steevens think that *tinctures* has no relation to heraldry, but means merely handkerchiefs or other linen, *tinged* with blood. At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs etc. we are told that handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with their blood and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased. — *have concluded*, der Plural wegen des in senate enthaltenen Collectivbegriffes. —

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Caesar is afraid?
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Caes. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphur-
nia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them. —
Give me my robe, for I will go: —

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Caesar.

Caes. Welcome, Publius. —

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? —

Good morrow, Casca. — Caius Ligarius,

Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean. —

What is't o'clock?

it were a mock apt to be rendered, es wäre ein Spott, der sich leicht (daraus) machen ließe = es ließe sich leicht zum Spott wenden. — *to your proceeding*, zu eurem Vortheil oder Gewinn. — *and reason to my love is liable* = and reason (propriety of conduct and language, Schicklichkeit) is subordinate to my love. — *made...lean*, abgemagert, abgezehrt.

Bru. Caesar, 'tis strucken eight,

Caes. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up: —

Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Caesar.

Caes. Bid them prepare within; —

I am to blame to be thus waited for. —

Now, Cinna: — Now, Metellus: — What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar, I will: — and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Caes. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

That every like is not the same, daß jedes Gleiche nicht (immer) dasselbe ist — daß Cäsar und die von ihm für Freunde gehalten werden, nicht wirklich Freunde sind.

SCENE III.

The same. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee! Thy lover,

Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.

mark well = observe well. — *be'st.* Ueber diese veraltete Form des Präsens s. Wagner S. 438. Anm. 1. — *gives way*, giebt nach, läßt stattfinden, giebt Raum. — *out of the teeth of emulation*, frei von den Zähnen des Neides. *Emulation* steht hier in üblem Sinne für *factions*, *envious*, or *malicious rivalry*. — *the fates with traitors do contrive* = The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction, das Schicksal verbindet sich mit Verräthern.

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter PORTIA, and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get the gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there. —
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel! —
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

get thee gone, wofür sonst auch be gone, mache dich fort. —
Why dost thou stay? Durch diese Frage der Portia, sowie
durch die folgende: *art thou here yet?* ehe sie noch dem
Sclaven den Auftrag gegeben, wird die Bestürzung derselben
ausgedrückt. — *'tween* = between. — *might* = power,
force. — *to keep counsel*, geheim halten, ein Geheimniß zu
verschweigen.

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc, Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:

Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good Lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, Lady: if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards
him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may
chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

Sooth, in Wahrheit, gewiß. — *to befriend himself,* auf seinen eigenen Nutzen zu sehen, es gut mit sich selbst zu meinen.

I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in. — Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me: — Brutus hath a suit,
That Caesar will not grant. — O, I grow faint: —
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

*A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol;
among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish.
Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METEL-
LUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PU-
BLIUS, and Others.*

Caes. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Caesar, read mine first, for mine's a suit

*speed thee, unterstütze dich, helfe dir. — Sure, the boy
heard me: — Brutus has a suit etc. Die letztern Worte
richtet Portia an den Slaven, um ihn zu täuschen, indem sie
ihrer Bestürzung eine erdichtete Ursache unterschiebt.*

That touches Caesar nearer : Read it, great Caesar.

Caes. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

Caes. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Caesar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. *[Advances to Caesar.]*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discover'd.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Caesar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. —
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

Served = fulfilled. — *he makes* = he advances. — *we fear prevention*, wir fürchten, daß man uns zuvorkomme. — *doth not change*, verändert sich nicht, bleibt ruhig. — *knows his time*, nimmt seine Zeit wahr.

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CAESAR and the
Senators take their seats.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Caes. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Caesar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart; — [Kneeling.

Caes. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first degree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,

prefer, vortragen, vorbringen. — *he is address'd* = he is ready. — *that rears your hand*, der seinen Arm erhebt; nach den Regeln der Grammatik wäre hier his hand zu erwarten gewesen. — *couchings*, Niederfallen, Kriechen. — *preordinance* = ordinance already established, vorherbestimmte Wahl, Vorbedacht. — *quality*, Güte, Werth, Kraft. — *with that* = by that, durch dasjenige. —

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong: nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more, worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Caes. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Caes. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

I spurn thee, ich stoße dich (mit dem Fuße) hinweg. — *have an immediate freedom of repeal*, sogleich Freiheit der Rückkehr habe, sogleich zurückberufen werde. — *the northern star*, der Nordstern, Polarstern. — *true-fixed*, wahrhaft fest, unverrückt. — *no fellow*, keines Gleichen. — *doth hold* = that doth hold. — *apprehensive* = intelligent, capable of apprehending, empfindend, empfindsam. —

Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Caesar, —

Caes. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Caesar, —

Caes. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Caesar in the neck. Caesar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabb'd by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*]

Caet. Et tu, Brute? — Then fall, Caesar.

[*Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

unassailable, unangreifbar, unbesiegbar, unwandelbar. — *unshak'd of motion* = unshaken by suit or solicitation, of which the object is to move the person addressed, von Bitten unbewegt, ungerührt. — *that I was constant*, daß ich fest darauf bestand. — *to keep him so* = to keep him banished. — *lift up*, erheben, aufheben, versetzen. — *bootless*, unnütz, vergebens; boot ist nämlich = profit, advantage. — *Et tu, Brute.* Nach Sueton sagte Cäsar auf Griechisch: καὶ σὺ, τέκνον. — *ambition's debt is paid*, die Schuld der Ehrsucht ist bezahlt = die Ehrsucht hat ihren Lohn. —

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing; — Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; — and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday,

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:

good cheer, seid guten Muthes, getrost. — nor to no Roman else. This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser and other of our ancient writers. Dr. Hicks observes, that in the Saxon, even *four* negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserves a negative signification. — *lest that* = *lest*. S. Wagner §. 939. — *abide this deed* = bear or support the consequences of this deed, stehe ein, sei verantwortlich für diese That, trage die Folgen dieser That. — *but we.* Richtiger hätte es heißen: but us. — *Fates, Schicksalsgöttinnen, Parzen.* —

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. — How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dac. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:

drawing days out, daß Hinausziehen, Verlängern der Tage.
— *that men stand upon*, worauf die Menschen bestehen,
wonach sie streben. — *and wash*, taucht ein. *To wash* does
not mean here to cleanse, but to wash over, as we say,
washed with gold; for Cassius means that they should
steep their hands in the blood of Caesar. — *knot*, Ver-
bindung, Bund. —

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

we will grace his heels, wir wollen seine Schritte zieren
= sein schönes Gefolge bilden. — *be resolved* = be firmly
persuaded, satisfied, belehrt werden, Aufschluß erhalten. —
untrod, unbetreten, wankend, schwankend, unsicher. — *so please
him* = if please him. S. Wagner §. 898. — *satisfied*,
überzeugt, unterrichtet werden. —

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit. *Serv.*

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony. — Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — Fare thee well. —
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purple hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,

misgiving, Besorgniß, Befürchtung, Ahnung. — *falls shrewdly to the purpose*, entspricht überaus (ungemein) dem Erfolg = trifft genau, auf ein Haar ein. — *rank* = grown up to a great height and strength. Johnson erklärt die Worte: *who else is rank* durch *who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals and grown too high for the public safety*; Schlegel übersetzt: wer reif zum Falle. — *made rich*, bereichert, geschmückt. — *live a thousand years* = if I may live etc. —

As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do: yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

the choice and master spirits, die außerlesensten und hervorragendsten Geister. — *we do* = we appear. S. Wagner §. 754, 2. — *as fire . . pity*, wie Feuer Feuer verscheucht (= löscht), so verscheucht Mitleid Mitleid. — *in strength of malice*, trotz der verübten Tücke. To you, says Brutus, our swords have leaden points: our arms, *strong in the deed of malice*, they have just performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible regard. Stevens, der diese Erklärung giebt, schlägt vor, statt *in strength* zu lesen: *no strength*. — *in the disposing of new dignities*, bei dem Vergeben neuer Würden. Mr. Blakeway observes, that Shakspeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavours to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; —
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand; —
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours; —
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

generous, and is adorned by the poet with so many good qualities, that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin. — *beside themselves* = which is beside itself, welche außer sich ist; wobei zu bemerken ist, daß themselves statt itself wegen des Collectivwortes multitude gesetzt ist. — *conceit* = think, interpret. — *dearer* = more. —

It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! — Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, in deed, O world, the heart of thee. —
How like a deer, stricken by many Princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony, —

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?

to close, mich zu vereinigen, einen Bund zu schließen. — *bay'd*, mit Hunden gehezt, in die Enge getrieben, erjagt. — *hart*, der (sechsjährige) Hirsch. — *Sign'd in thy spoil*, gezeichnet mit deinem Raube (d. i. Morde). — *lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels, for death. It appears to have been used as a word of one syllable in this sense, and is derived from *lethum*, Lat. Our ancient language was also enriched with the derivatives *lethal*, *lethality*, *lethiferous* etc. *crimson'd in thy lethe*, ist also dem Sinne nach = in den Purpur deines Todes gehüllt; worin zugleich eine versteckte Anspielung auf die Macht (Purpur) liegt, welche die Verschwornen durch Cäsar's Tod an sich rissen. — *the heart* = the most valuable or precious part, die Essenz, das Kräftigste, Beste. Schlegel übersetzt: er war seines Waldes Stolz. — *modesty* = moderation. — *compact*, Vertrag, Vergleich, hat hier den Accent auf der zweiten Sylbe, während es ihn sonst auf der ersten hat. *To compact* ist sonst das Zeitwort. —

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you. —
You know not what you do; Do not consent, [Aside.
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd

pricked = pointed, enrolled. — *swayed from the point*, abgebracht, abgelenkt von der Sache. — *friends am I*. Dieser auffallende Plural statt des Singular friend kommt mehrmals bei Shakespeare vor. This grammatical impropriety, sagt ein Erklärer, is still so prevalent that the omission of the anomalous s would give some uncouthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression. — *full of good regard*, voll guten Bedachts, wohl durchdacht. — *order*, Brauch, Sitte = Feier; *in the order of his funeral*, bei seiner Leichenfeier. —

By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon; —
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Caesar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.

and that we are contented, und daß wir gern zugeben. Diese Worte sind abhängig von *I will protest*. — *fall*, geschehen, sich ereignen. — *devise*, ersinnen, erdenken. — *in the tide of times* = in the course of times. —

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophecy, —
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue; —
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;

ruby = red. — *upon the limbs of men*. By *men Antony* means not mankind in general, but those *Romans* whose attachment to the conspirators, or wish to revenge Caesar's death, would expose them to wounds in the civil wars which he supposed that event would give rise to. The generality of the curse is limited by the subsequent words „the parts of Italy“ and „in these confines.“ — *cumber*, beschweren, belästigen, heimsuchen. — *of war* = of warriors. — *Até*, die Göttin der Verblendung, der Schuld durch Unbesonnenheit, Frevel- und Unheilstifterinn, eine Tochter Jupiters, die, von ihm im Zorn aus dem Olymp geschleudert, seitdem auf der Erde umherirrt und die Menschen verleitet, gegen ihren wahren Vortheil zu handeln. — *Havock*, Mord! ermordet! schlägt todt! kein Pardon! *Havock* was the word by which declaration was made, in the military operations of old, that no quarter should be given. — *let slip the dogs of war*, loslassen, entfesseln die Kriegshunde. This is a term belonging to the chase. *Slips* were contri-

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Caesar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth, —

O Caesar! — *[Seeing the body.]*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse

vances of leather by which the hounds were restrained till the necessary moment of their dismissal. By the *dogs of war*, as has been observed, Shakspeare probably meant *fire, sword and famine*. — *by word of mouth* (sonst auch bloß by word), mündlich. — *big*, voll, gepreßt. — *catching*, ansteckend. — *beads*, Perlen, Tropfen. — *to water*, zu thränen, zu weinen. — *No Rome of safety*, kein Platz zur Sicherheit. This jingling quibble upon *Rome* and *room* has occurred before in Act. 1 Sc. 2 (i. dort die Anm. S. 14.). It is deserving of notice on no other account than as it shows the pronunciation of *Rome* in Shakpeare's time. —

Into the market-place: there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men:
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt, with CAESAR's body.]*

SCENE II.

The same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. —

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers. —

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Caesar's death.

1. *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2. *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their rea-
 sons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

*[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS
 goes into the rostrum.]*

issue, That, Handlung. — to the which, f. Wagner
 §. 554.

*Satisfied, zufrieden gestellt; we will be satisfied, wir wol-
 len, daß man uns (über das Geschehene) Rechenschaft ablege.
 Gleich darauf heißt es statt dessen: public reasons shall be
 rendered. — part the numbers, trennt die Haufen. —*

3. *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves; than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak:

lovers = friends, welche beiden Wörter in der ältern englischen Sprache als synonym gebraucht wurden. Warburton hält die folgende Rede für trefflich in ihrer Art, obschon von dem lafonischen Styl des Brutus sehr abweichend. Steevens sagt hingegen darüber: *this artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators of Shakspeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. It may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconic brevity.* — *for my cause* = defend my cause. — *censure me* = judge me. — *not that* = not because. C. Wagner §. 939 Anm. — *Had you rather* = would you rather. C. Wagner §. 811. — *bondman* = slave. —

for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would no be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [several speaking at once.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter ANTONY and Others, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1. *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2. *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3. *Cit.* Let him be Caesar.

question, die Untersuchung. — *enrolled*, aufgezeichnet. — *enforced*, geschärft, vergrößert, übertrieben. — *as which* = for who. S. Wagner §. 720. — *shall not*, nämlich receive the benefit of his dying. — *my best lover* = my best friend. —

4. *Cit.* Caesar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1. *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and
clamours.

Bru. My countrymen, —

2. *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1. *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

1. *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3. *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: — Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4. *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3. *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4. *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1. *Cit.* This Caesar was a tyrant.

3. *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2. *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

do grace = do honour. — *is allowed.* S. Wagner
§. 873. — *beholden* = obliged, verbunden, verpflichtet. —
no harm, nichts Böses. —

Ant. You gentle Romans, —

Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
 I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them;
 The good is oft interred with their bones;
 So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man;
 So are they all, all honourable men;) —
 Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious:
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

answer'd = expiated it, payed for it. — *when that* = when.
S. Wagner §. 939. — *of sterner stuff*, von härterem
 Stoff, härtherziger. —

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1. *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2. *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

3. *Cit.* Has he, Masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4. *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the
crown;

Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with wee-
ping.

3. *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than An-
tony.

4. *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

bear with me, habt Nachsicht mit mir, habt Geduld. — *has had great wrong*, hat großes Unrecht erlitten, es ist (Cäsar'n) großes Unrecht widerfahren; nicht: er hat Unrecht gehabt, welches heißen würde: *has been in the wrong*. — *some will dear abide it*, so werden es Manche theuer büßen. *To abide* = to bear or support the consequences of a thing. —

Ant. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men:
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4. *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.

and none so poor to do etc. = the meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Caesar. — *the commons* = the vulgar, the (lower) people. — *napkins* = handkerchiefs. *Napkin* is the Northern term for *handkerchief*, and is still used in this sense in Scotland. — *issue* = progeny, offspring. — *meet* = fit, proper. —

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4. *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Caesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar: I do fear it.

4. *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2. *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read
the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2. *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3. *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4. *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1. *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2. *Cit.* Room for Antony; — most noble Antony.

I have o'ershot myself, ich habe mich übereilt. To overshoot one's self, in einer Sache zu weit gehen, zu viel behaupten, sich verfahren — stand from the hearse, entfernt euch von der Leichenbahre. —

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
That day he overcame the Nervii : —
Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it !
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel :
Judge, O you Gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all :
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

bear back, tretet zurück. — *the Nervii*, ein gallisches Volk in Gallia Belgica, im heutigen Hennegau. — *to be resolved* = to be firmly persuaded, to be satisfied. — *or no*. S. Wagner §. 889, 1. — *Caesar's angel* = his guardian angel, or the being in whom he put most trust. — *which all the while ran blood*. The image seems to be that the blood flowing from Caesar's wounds appeared to run from the statue. —

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1. *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2. *Cit.* O noble Caesar!

3. *Cit.* O woful day!

4. *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1. *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2. *Cit.* We will be reveng'd: revenge; about, — seek,
— burn, — fire, — kill, — slay! — let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1. *Cit.* Peace there: — Hear the noble Antony.

2. *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

flourished = bragged, stolzирte, brüstete sich, triumphirte. —
dint, anciently written *dent* = a stroke, and the impression
which it makes on any thing, (Drang, Macht). — *marr'd*
= defaced, destroyed, entstellt, zerfetzt. — *griefs* = grie-
vances, wrongs. —

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is:
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Caesar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1. *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3. *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not what:
 Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves?

blunt = stupid, insensible; hier f. v. a. ohne Umstände, schlicht. — *I have neither wit.* Johnson erklärt wit an dieser Stelle durch a penned and premeditated oration. Andere, z. B. Malone, lesen statt dessen writ. Antonius würde dann sagen: Ich bin weder in mündlicher noch in schriftlicher Rede erfahren. — *mouths* werden hier, wie man sieht, die Wunden genannt. — *would ruffle up* = who would ruffle up. *To ruffle up*, aufreizen, entflammen. — *rise*, Aufstand, Empörung. —

Alas you know not: — I must tell you then: —
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true: — the will; — let's stay, and hear
the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy five drachmas.

2. *Cit.* Most noble Caesar! — We'll revenge his death.

3. *Cit.* O royal Caesar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

several = single. — *drachmas*. A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier* (denarius), of the value of four sesterces, i. e. 7d. — *walks* = districts in a forest, *Lustgehege*. — *private arbours*, *verschlossene Lauben*. — *on this side Tiber*. This scene (says Theobald) is in the Forum, near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Caesar's gardens were very remote from that quarter: —

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, *prope Caesaris hortos*, says Horace (Satir. 1, 9, 18.) Cf. Suet. Caes. 83: „and both the Naumachia and gardens of Caesar were separated from the main city by the river, and lay out wide on the line with Mount Janiculum.“ He would therefore read „on that side Tiber.“ But Dr. Farmer has shown that Shakspeare's *study* lay in the old translation of Plutarch. „He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy five drachmas a man, and left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this side* of the river Tyber.“ —

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar: When comes such another?

1. *Cit.* Never, never: — Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2. *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3. *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4. *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! — How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

to walk abroad, spazieren gehen. — *pluck down*, reißt nieder. — *forms*, Bänke, Sitze. — *afoot* = on foot, in action, auf den Beinen, im Anzug. — *upon a wish*, erwünscht, wie gerufen. — *rid*, Partic. von to ride, welches auch ridden und rode gebildet wird. — *belike* = probably, perhaps.

SCENE III.

The same. A street.

Enter CINNA the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy :
I have no will to wander forth of doors.
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1. *Cit.* What is your name?
2. *Cit.* Whither are you going?
3. *Cit.* Where do you dwell?
4. *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bacheior?
2. *Cit.* Answer every man directly.
1. *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.
4. *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.
3. *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bache-
lor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly,
wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2. *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that

Things unluckily charge my fantasy = circumstances oppress my fantasy with an ill-omened weight; Dinge von übler Vorbedeutung belasten meine Phantasie. — Steevens bemerkt zu dieser Stelle: I learn from an old Treatise on Fortune Telling etc., that to dream of being at banquets betokeneth misfortune etc. Uebrigens ist der Inhalt dieser Scene aus Plutarch entlehnt. — *directly* = immediately. — *you were best*, ihr thätet am besten = das rath' ich euch. —

marry:— You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

1. *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2. *Cit.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4. *Cit.* For your dwelling, — briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. *Cit.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4. *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4. *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3. *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

You'll bear me a bang for that. Dafür sollt Ihr einen Schmiß haben, werd' ich Euch Eins versetzen. Ueber das pleonastische *me f.* Wagner S. 689. — *turn him going*, laßt ihn laufen, schickt ihn fort. —

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Antony's house.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are
prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

A Room in Antony's house. The place of this scene is not marked in the old copy. It appears from Plutarch and Appian, that these triumvirs met, upon the proscription, in a little island near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. That Shakspeare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome may be inferred from what almost immediately follows: „Lep. What, shall I find you here? Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.“ Malone placed the scene in Antony's house. — prick'd, aufgezeichnet. — upon condition (that) Publius shall not live. Steevens sagt zu dieser Stelle: Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus; Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes that Shakspeare wrote: *You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.* The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, than of his transcriber or printer. — spot = stroke, ein Federstrich. — *I damn him* = I condemn him. —

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him:
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

how to cut off. Ueber diesen Infinitiv s. Wagner §. 824;
how to cut off some charge in legacies, wie wir die Vermächtnisse vermindern können. — *charge*, Ausgabe, Kosten. — *slight* = weak, weak of mind, foolish. — *divided* = being divided, wenn vertheilt wird. — *stand* = be. — *So you thought him*, nämlich fit to stand one of the three. — *to ease ourselves*, uns zu erleichtern, von uns abzuwälzen. — *slanderous loads*, verläumderische Bürden = Unannehmlichkeiten der Verläumdung. — *having brought*, bezieht sich nicht auf das folgende *we*, sondern auf Lepidus. —

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. — Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,

like to the empty ass. S. über to nach like Wagner
§. 582 Anm. — *taste* = sense. — *staled*, veraltet, abge-
nutzt. — *begin his fashion* = begin to be his fashion. —
as a property = as a thing quite at our disposal, and to be
treated as we please. — *straight* = immediately, di-
rectly, stracks, sogleich. — *let our alliance be combined*, laßt
unsere Bundesgenossen uns versammeln. — *made*, man er-
gänze let be vor made. — *stretch'd out* = deployed, an-
wenden, aufbieten. — *covert matters*, geheime Anschläge. —

And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers:
TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well. — Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,

answered, begegnet, abgewehrt. — we are at the stake, wir sind der Gefahr preisgegeben. Schlegel übersetzt: uns wird aufgelauert. An allusion to bear-baiting (Bärenhege). Stake ist nämlich = the post to which a beast is tied to be baited. Daher heißt es im Macbeth 5. Act, 7. Scene:

*„They have chain'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.“*

— bay'd, angebellt, mit Hunden gehegt, verfolgt, gejagt. So kam das Wort vor Act 3, Sc. 1.

Word = signal, token, die Losung. — In his own change, or by ill officers. Brutus charges both Cassius and his officer, Lucius Pella, with corruption; and he says to Lu-

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. — A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,

cilius, when he hears how he had been received by Cassius: „Thou hast describ'd a *hot friend cooling*.“ This is the *change* which Brutus complains of. Schlegel übersetzt den Vers: von selbst verändert oder schlecht berathen. — *regard*, Achtung, Würdigkeit. — *resolved* = informed. — *instances* = examples, proofs. — *tricks*, Kniffe, Künste, Ziererei. — *hollow* = not faithful, not sound, not what one appears, falsch, verstellt. — *a horse hot at hand*, wofür man auch sagt: a horse that forces the hand, ist ein hartmäuliges Pferd. — *make gallant show*, gewähren einen stattlichen Anblick, prangen schön. — *mettle*, Kraft, Muth, Eifer.

They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd: —
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them —

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly — I do know you well: —
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

they fall their crests, lassen sie ihre Mähne (ihren Hals) sinken. — *Speak the word along*, gebt die Losung (Parole) weiter. — *this sober form*, dieses nüchterne (ernste, feierliche) Benehmen. — *your griefs* = your grievances. S. Anm. zur 2. Scene des 3. Act. S. 82. — *wrangle* = quarrel, dispute. — *enlarge* = speak in many words. —

And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;

their charges = the soldiers entrusted to their care or
menagement, ihre Schaaren.

Noted, getadelt, gerügt. — *praying on his side*, bittend
für ihn, worin ich für ihn bat. — *slighted off*, für nichts
geachtet. — *nice offence* = small, trifling, silly offence. —
comment, Auslegung, = Tadel, Rüge. — *an itching palm*,
eine juckende Hand, die sich bestechen läßt, gern nimmt.
Schlegel übersetzt: weil ihr hohle Hände macht. —

To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus? —
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,

mart = traffick, sale. — *what villain . . . and not for justice?*
Malone macht zu dieser Stelle folgende Anmerkung: This
question is far from implying that any of those who tou-
ched Caesar's body were villains. On the contracy, it is
an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man
among them who was base enough to stab him for any
cause bat that of justice. — *but for supporting robbers*
= only because he supported robbers, nur weil er Räuber
unterstützte, in Schutz nahm. — *trash*, Lumperei, Plunder.
— *I had rather*, s. Wagner S. 811. — *bay the moon*, den
Mond anbellen, d. i. ein feiger, nur bellender Hund seyn. —
bait not me, reizt mich nicht. Dies ist die älteste Lesart, statt

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye Gods! ye Gods! Most I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart
break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

deren Theobald die, von späteren Herausgebern aufgenommene Ueänderung vornahm: *bay not me*. Shafspeare gebraucht oft *bay* und *bait* in demselben Sinne, und die Wiederholung des von Brutus gebrauchten Wortes giebt allerdings der Rede mehr Nachdruck. — *to hedge me in*, wenn ihr mich so umzäunen, beschränken wollt; i. e. *to limit my authority by your direction or censure*. — *to make conditions* = to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal (Würden zu vertheilen). — *urge me*, reizt mich. — *have mind upon your health*, seydt für euer Heil bedacht. — *budge*, weichen, nachgeben. — *observe* = pay respective attention, den Hof machen. — *crouch*, sich schmiegen, kriechen. —

Under your testy humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

testy (daß franz. entêté), mürrisch, trozig, starrköpfig. —
waspish, zornig, gallständig, zänfisch. — *you durst not so*
have tempted him, ihr hättet ihn nicht so versuchen dürfen. S.
Wagner §. 771, welche Regel hier auch auf *to dare* ange-
wendet ist. — *presume*, sich vermessen, erübnen, wagen. —
that I shall be sorry for = for which I shall be sorry.
S. Wagner §. 1018. —

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
 There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
 For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
 That they pass by me as the idle wind,
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me; —
 For I can raise no money by vile means:
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
 By any indirection. I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cassius?
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: — he was but a fool,
 That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath riv'd my
 heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

coin, ausprägen. — *indirection*, Umweg, Schleichweg = unredliches Mittel. — *rascal counters*, armselige, lumpige Rechenpfennige. — *riv'd*, sonst unregelmäßig *riven* = split, cleft. — *till you practise them on me*, bis Ihr sie gegen mich

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,

übt. Johnson erklärt diese Stelle durch folgende Umschreibung: The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me.* — *awearry*, müde, ermattet, überdrüssig. — *checked* = rebuked, zurechtgewiesen, gescholten. — *conn'd by rote* (daß franz. routine), auswendig gelernt. — *to cast into my teeth*, mir vorgeworfen zu werden. — *Plutus' mine*, Plutus' Erzgrube. Plutus bekanntlich der Gott des Reichthums. — *If that* = if. S. Wagner S. 939. — *thou be'st a Roman.* Johnson fügt zu dieser Stelle folgende Erklärung: I think he means only, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause of his country requires liberality, that if any man would wish for his heart, he would not need enforce his desire any otherwise, than by showing he was a Roman.

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him.

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus! —

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yet, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[Noise within.]

it shall have scope, er (euer Zorn, was aus angry hinzuzudenken ist) soll freien Spielraum haben, euch freistehen. — *who (much enforced)* = that oder which, der stark geschlagen. — *blood ill-temper'd*, verstimmtes, verdorbenes, schlechtes Blut. — *to bear with me*, Geduld, Nachsicht mit mir zu haben. — *over-earnest*, allzu ernst, allzu streng. —

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit Poet.*]

Enter poet. Shakspeare found the present incident in Plutarch. The intruder, however, was Marcus Phaonius, who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynic philosopher. — *For I have seen more years . . . than ye.* This passage is a translation from the following one in the first book of Homer's Iliad (vs. 259) Ἄλλὰ πιδεσθ' ἄμφο δὲ νεωτέρω ἑστὸν ἐμεῖο. — *these jigging fools* = these silly poets. A *jig* signified, in Shakspeare's time, a metrical composition, a ballad or ditty, as well as a dance. Schlegel übersetzt: mit solchen Schellennarren. — *Companion* is used as a term of reproach and contempt in many of the old plays (wie unser deutsches Gefell); as we at present say *fellow*. —

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: — Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How' scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so? —
O insupportable and touching loss! —
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; — for with her death
That tidings came; — With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

How 'scaped I killing. Das Part. act. killing steht hier in passiver Bedeutung. S. Wagner S. 837, Anm. 3. — *when I crossed you so*, als ich Euch so durch den Sinn fuhr. — *have made themselves so strong*, so mächtig geworden sind; ähnlich dem franz. se sont faits. — *she fell distract*, sie wurde wahnsinnig; analog der Redensart: to fall sick. Wie to fall sagt man auch to run distract. — *absent* = being absent. — *swallow'd fire*. This circumstance is taken from Plutarch. It is also mentioned by Valerius Maximus 4, 6. Portia is however reported by Pliny to have died at Rome of a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad. —

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl of
wine: —

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge: —
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love, [Drinks.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius: — Welcome, good Messala. —
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you. —
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

o'erswell, überlaufen. — *call in question*, in Ueberlegung ziehen, untersuchen, berathen. — *bills of outlawry*, Achtserklärungen. —

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. —

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. — We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

writ = written. — *once* = at some time or other. — *in art* = in theory. — *to our work alive*, an unser lebendiges Werk, unser gegenwärtiges Vorhaben. —

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. — You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

doing himself offence, sich selbst Schaden zufügend = zu seinem eignen Nachtheil. — *full of rest*, völlig ausgeruht. — *nimbleness*, Lebhaftigkeit, Munterkeit. — *of force* = necessarily. — *grudg'd* = murrend gezahlt. — *there* steht, da at Philippi vorangeht, pleonastisch. — *tide*, Ebbe und Fluth, Steigen und Fallen, Wechsel. — *taken at the flood*, aufgefaßt beim Anströmen. —

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will go on,
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell, good
Messala; —

Good night, Titinius: — Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord,

shallows, feichte Stellen, Untiefen, Klippen. — *afloat*, flott
= frisch, rüstig. — *we must take the current, when it
serves*, wir müssen den Strom benutzen, wenn er günstig ist,
uns hebt. — *ventures* = lucky chances, des Glückes Gunst.
— *along* = forward. — *niggard* = stint, bound, limit,
restraint, sparsam befriedigen. — *gown*, hier: Schlafrock,
Nacht Kleid. — *Never come*, Coniunctiv als Ausdruck eines
Wunsches: niemals komme. —

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one. [*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

o'erwatch'd = subdued of long want of rest. — *raise*
= rouse from sleep, waken, excite. — *by and by*, alsbald,
sogleich. — *So please you* = if you please. — *I shall other-*
wise bethink me, ich werde mich anders bedenken, meinen
Entschluß ändern. — *bear with me*, hab' Geduld mit mir.
S. Anm. S. 100. —

Canst thou bear up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune: — O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? — Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see; — Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR.

How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?

bear up, aufhalten. — *heavy* = drowsy. — *strain* = song, note, sound, tune. — *past thy might*, über dein Vermögen, mehr als deine Kräfte vermögen. — *mace* is the ancient term for a sceptre. — *turn'd down*, eingelegt, eingeschlagen (von den Blättern in einem Buche). — *I left reading*, ich hörte auf zu lesen. — *How ill this taper burns!* Es war ein allgemein angenommener Glaube, daß bei Annäherung der Geister die Lichter dunkler brennten. —

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me: — Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then shall I see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [Ghost vanishes.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. —

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —

Boy! Lucius! — Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! —
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

shapes, gestaltet, hervorbringt, schafft. — Thy evil spirit.
Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from Plutarch that the ghost of Caesar appeared to Brutus, but „a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body.“ This apparition could not be at once the *shade* of Caesar and the *evil genius* of Brutus. See the story of Cassius Parmensis in Valerius Maximus, l. 1. c. 7. Shakspeare had read the account of this vision in Plutarch's Life of Caesar as well as in that of Brutus; it is there called the *ghost*, and it is said that „the light of the lampe waxed very dimme.“ It is more than probable that the poet would consult the Life of Caesar as well as that of Brutus, in search of materials for his play. — the strings...are false, die Saiten (des Instruments, der Laute) sind verstimmt. —

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument. —
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so cry'dst
out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*. — Sirrah, *Claudius*!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Cassius*:
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.]

set on his powers, seine Streitkräfte aufbrechen zu lassen, mit
seinem Heere fort zu marschiren.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;

Keep, besetzt halten. — It proves not so, es zeigt sich nicht so. — battles = battalions, Schaaren, Schlachtreihen. — at hand, in der Nähe. — to warn = to summon, auffordern, herausfordern. — I am in their bosoms, ich stecke in ihrem Herzen = ich durchschaue sie. — fearful bravery, furchtsamer oder banger Troß; so stände fearful in seiner gewöhnlichen Bedeutung von timorous, und paßte zu der Ironie, womit Antonius von den Feinden spricht. Andere Ausleger nehmen fearful in activem Sinne von producing fear, terrible, wie es oft von Shakespeare gebraucht wird. — face, Kühnheit, Dreistigkeit. — to fasten in our thoughts, uns auf den Gedanken zu bringen, uns glauben zu machen. — in gallant show, in stattlichem Aufzuge, stattlich (tapfer) aussehend.

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army; LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octa-
vius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Caesar!*

Cas. Antony,

the even field, die Ebene. — *in this exigent*, in dieser Noth, Verlegenheit, im Augenblick der Entscheidung. — *we must out*, wir müssen aus dem Gliede treten, vortreten. — *answer on their charge*, ihren Angriff erwidern = abwarten. — *make forth*, tretet vor. — *the hole*, der Riß, die Wunde. — *the posture of your strokes*, die Richtung eurer Streiche = wie Ihr Eure Streiche führt, anbringt. —

The posture of your blows are yet unknown,
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too,

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Caesar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! — Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us
sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

are yet unknown, hätte grammatisch richtig *is yet unknown* heißen müssen, und so wollte Steevens verbessern, der den Plural auf die Schuld des Abschreibers oder Druckers setzt; doch hat Malone ähnliche Beispiele grammatischer Ungenauigkeiten aus Shakespeare angeführt. — *Hybla*, ein Berg in Sicilien, mit vielen Bienenfräutern versehen; daher den Bienen angenehm. — *hacked*, zerhackten = durchkreuzten. — *cur*, der (schlechte) Hund, Bauerhund. — *Struck Caesar on the neck*, Cäsar'n in den Nacken fiel, in den Nacken biß. — *might have ruled*, gesiegt hätte = wenn Cassius' Rath befolgt worden wäre. — *the cause*, zur Sache! — *arguing*, Streiten mit Worten, Hadern. — *turn* = become. —

Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again? —
Never, till Caesar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Caesar thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away. —
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim,
bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

goes up, zurückgeht (in die Scheide), eingesteckt wird. —
peevish, zänfisch, kindisch, thöricht. — masker, maskirte Person = Narr. — hurl is peculiarly expressive. The challenger in judicial combats was said to *hurl* down his gage, when he threw his glove down as a pledge that he would make good his charge against his adversary. — *when you have stomachs*, wenn Ihr Lust habt. —

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord. [*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala, —

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; at this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away, and gone;

And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;

former = foremost. — *gorging*, gierig schlingend. — *Who*
= which. — *here* = hither. — *consorted*, begleiteten. —
as (if) we were sickly prey, als ob wir siecher Raub wären. —

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The Gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself; — I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: — arming myself with patience,

stand friendly, mögen uns freundlich beistehen. — *reason with*, bedenken, überlegen, bedacht seyn. — *then is this... to do i. e.* I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? — *to prevent* = to anticipate, verkürzen. — *the time* = the full and complete time, the natural period. — *arming myself with patience etc.* Gegen Warburton, der diese Periode für unvollständig hielt, bemerkt Johnson, daß durch eine Parenthese ein klarer Zusammenhang sich ergebe; die Construction sey diese: I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato; arming myself with patience. — There is certainly an apparent contradiction between the sentiments which Brutus expresses in this and in his subsequent speech; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus has laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of

To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take: —
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. — O, that a man might
know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!

war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Nothing is more natural than this. We lay down a system of conduct for ourselves, but occurrences may happen that will force us to depart from it. — *begun* (auch *begon* und *begonne*) die ältere Form des Imperfects für *began*. — *everlasting farewell*, ewiges Lebewohl, Abschied auf ewig. — *this parting was well made*. dieses Scheiden war wohl gethan = wir thaten wohl daran, Abschied zu nehmen.

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. — Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt!*]

SCENE II.

The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [Loud alarum.
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:

Alarum = alarm. — *set on*, angreifen, anstürmen. — *cold demeanour*, falte, matte, schwache Haltung. — *sudden push*, plötzlicher Stoß, schneller Angriff. — *overthrow*, Umsturz, Vernichtung, Niederlage.

Myself have etc. Die Construction ist: (I) myself have turned enemy to mine own, ich selbst bin der Feind meiner eignen Leute geworden. — *word*, das Zeichen zum Angriff.

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. — Look, look, Titinius,
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. —

[*Exit Pindarus.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end:

— *took it too eagerly*, setzte zu hitzig nach, ließ sich zu sehr hinreißen. — *fell* = began. — *hide thy spurs in him*, gieb ihm die Spornen, setz' ihm die Spornen in die Seite. — *and here* = and hither. — *even* (= equal) *with a thought*, gleich einem Gedanken, so schnell wie ein Gedanke. — *thick*, blöde, kurz. So sagt man *thick-eyed*, *thick-sighted*, für: trübsichtig, blödsichtig. — *is come round*, ist herum. —

My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [above.] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that

Make to him on the spur; — yet he spurs on. —

Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius! —

Now some 'light; — O, he 'lights too; — he's ta'en; —
and, hark! [Shout.

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more. —

O, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,

That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.

is run his compass, hat seinen Umlauf vollendet. — *Sirrah* was the usual address in speaking to servants and children. — *that make to him on the spur*, die spornstreichs auf ihn zu gehen. — *spurs on*, spornt an, sprenkt weiter. — *'light* = alight, steigen ab. — *I swore thee*, ich ließ dich schwören. — *saving of thy life*, als Retter deines Lebens; das Participium *saving* ist hier als Substantiv zu nehmen. — *attempt*, unternehmen, ausführen. — *search*, durchdringe, durchbohre. —

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. — Caesar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more — O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Stand not to answer, stelle mir keine Antwort entgegen, erwiedere mir nichts. — *change*, Tausch, Wechsel. — *our day is gone*, unser Tag ist hin — unsere Sache ist verloren. —

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

mistrust of my success, Mißtrauen in mein Gelingen, in den Erfolg (meiner Sendung). — *apt thoughts*, reger, lebhafter Verstand. — *conceived*, empfangen. — *thrusting this report into his ears*, stoßend diese Nachricht in seine Ohren = seine Ohren mit dieser Nachricht zu durchbohren. — *piercing*, schneidend, scharf. — *misconstrued*, falsch ausgelegt, gemißdeutet.

Will do his bidding. — Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. —
By your leave, Gods: — This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Dies.

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIVS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these? —
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay. —
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. —
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. — Lucilius, come; —
And come, young Cato; let us to the field. —

apace, schnell, geschwind. — *part*, Pflicht, Sitte, Gebrauch.
— *whe'r* = whether, ob (er nicht = wie er gefränzt hat).
— *thy fellow*, deines Gleichen. — *discomfort*, entmuthigen,
niederschlagen. —

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on: —
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum. Enter fighting, soldiers of both armies; then
BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field: —
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [Charges the enemy.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered,
and falls.

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1. Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
[Offering money.
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

set our battles on, laßt unsre Schlachtreihen vorrücken.

*Charges the enemy, dringt ein auf den Feind. — being
Cato's son, i. e. worthy of him. — Yield, ergieb dich. —*

1. *Sold.* We must not. — A noble prisoner!

2. *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1. *Sold.* I'll tell the news. — Here comes the general: —

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The Gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead:

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

safe, in Sicherheit. — prize, Fang, Beute. — *I had rather*
= *I would rather.* S. Wagner S. 811. — *how every*
thing is chanced, wie Alles abgelaufen ist.

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,
and VOLUMNIUS.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. —

[Whispering.]

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! *[Whispers him.]*

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Statilius showed the torch-light, Statilius zeigte das Fackellicht. Nach Plutarchs Erzählung wurde dieser Statilius von Brutus auf das Schlachtfeld geschickt, um die Zahl der Gefallenen zu erkunden, und durch eine emporgehobene Fackel ein Zeichen zu geben. Das that er auch, fiel aber auf dem Rückweg in die Hände der Feinde und wurde getödtet. — a deed in fashion, eine Modesache, des Tages Sitte. —

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts; whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you; — and you, — and you,
Volumnius —

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. — Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.

have beat us to the pit, haben uns bis an-den Abgrund, bis an den Rand des Abgrunds getrieben. — *sword-hilts*. *Hilts* is frequently used where only one weapon is spoken of. So sagt in der 3. Scene S. 121 Cassius zu Pindarus: Take thou the *hilts*. — *but he was true to me*, der mir nicht getreu war. S. Wagner S. 934, 3. —

I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within: Fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my
lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. — Caesar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

losing day, Tag des Verlusts, Unglückstag. — *vile conquest*, schimpflicher Sieg. — *at once*, zusammen, allesammt. — *a fellow of good respect*, ein Mensch von redlichem Gemüth, von gutem Charakter. — *smatch*, Geschmack = Anstrich, Etwas von einer Sache, ein Weniges, ein Funken. — *in it* = in itself. — *with half so good a will*, mit halb so viel Bereitwilligkeit, halb so gern. —

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. — Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found. — I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,

make a fire of him, ihn verbrennen. — *that thou hast proved Lucilius saying true*, daß du Lucilius' Rede wahr gemacht hast. Dieses bezieht sich auf Lucilius' Worte in der vierten Scene S. 125: no enemy shall ever take alive the noble Brutus etc. — *entertain* = receive them into my service, in Dienst nehmen. — *bestow thy time*, deine Zeit, dein Leben zubringen = leben. — *prefer* seems to have been the established phrase for recommending a servant, überlassen. — *save*, ausgenommen. —

Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably. —
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt.

in envy, aus Neid, aus Mißgunst. — *in a general honest thought*, in allgemein redlicher Absicht. — *made one of them*, machte einen von ihnen = verband sich mit ihnen. — *use him*, ihn behandeln, ihm begegnen. — *ordered honourably*, mit Ehren angethan, bekleidet. — *call the field to rest*, ruft das Heer zur Ruh. —

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